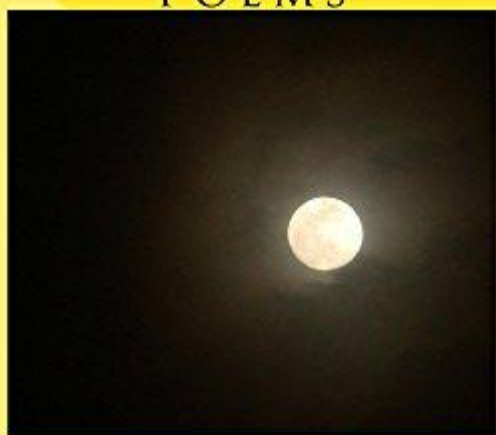


THE STAR OF IMMORTALITY

PHILOSOPHICAL
POEMS



SORIN CERIN

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2018

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Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of

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the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up

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to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppcase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppcase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

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The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

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But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially

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highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

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PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in *România literară*, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in *România literară*, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

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It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background,

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and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

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Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream",

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"Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", í la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

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I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

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And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century.

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

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In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry *The Hierarchy of the Vanity*, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the *Feline Existential*: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make,

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Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what

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would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda

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Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought

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toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,
on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of

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surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of

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his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the

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interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status,

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by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing

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decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General

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Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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1. For the crazy pleasures of the Vanity

Led by Revenge,
the Absolute Truth had to flee,
in the distances of the Subconscious Stranger,
where it remained,
in order not to identify himself,
with the false God,
of Cemeteries of Words,
drinking in the mugs of wilderness,
of Illusions of Salvation,
of Loneliness of Immortality,
of the Death,
on which it has earned them for us,
the Time of the wasted Moments,
for the crazy pleasures,
of the Vanity.

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2. A crucified Savior is born

Dirty snows of Words,
are melting,
on, the corners of the wry Smiles,
under whose eaves,
a crucified Savior is born,
in every Eternity of Moment,
wasted on nothing,
at the Games of Illusions of Life with the ones of Death,
who struggles,
unremitting,
on the desolate realms,
of our Hearts of Heaven.

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3. The Temple of the Heart of Heaven

Broken bricks of Memories,
they want to rebuild,
the Temple of the Heart of Heaven,
to which we prayed,
the Eternity of the Moment,
to never forsakes us,
when the Star of Destiny,
it had begun to warn us,
that is approaching,
the Illusions of Salvation,
what they needed,
by a crucified Savior,
in the person of the Word of the Happiness,
which at that time,
belonged us,
to both.

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4. Has kidnapped us the Eternity of the Moment

Deep traces of Nails,
they torn us the blood of the Sunsets,
without knowing that, we were,
those who have come from a Future of Nobody,
which, we rummaged the Earth of Incarnation,
trying to we find us again,
the Star of Destiny, extinguished,
by, the Revenge of a God,
who has kidnapped us the Eternity of the Moment,
trying, to appropriates it,
only for him,
in the Paradise of Inferno,
of so many Promises,
of Illusions of Salvation,
of the Loneliness of Immortality,
of the Death.

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5. Have become a symbol

We are a fragment of Universe,
who wanders through a World,
always seeking a Savior,
for the transgressions of the own God,
whose mistakes,
have denatured his own Creation,
in so much, that,
the Cemeteries of Words,
have become a symbol,
of the counterfeit Love,
through the basements of Consciences,
of some Stars of the Destinies,
which have sold their brilliance,
for a few alcoholic degrees,
thrown in disgust on the dirty epaulets by the crimes,
to some Bibles decomposed,
of so much financial disinterest,
through the Icons of some Saints,
from the management of the Society of Consumption,
the Hierarchies of the Vanity.

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6. God truly exists

And if we wake up,
after we pass into the so-called border of Non-being,
in a room,
where we designed our own film of Life,
we being those who have willingly Predestinated us,
the so-called Future,
from this World ?,
with a much more superior technology,
than what is known now ?,
and all this,
being the so-called World of Beyond ?,
whose Existence,
I suspected her,
but being totally different,
than biblical folklore.

And if we are our own God,
on which we've blasphemed him or adored,
so much, sometimes,
designing us personally,
the so-called Happenings Non-incidentally,
through which to we pass,
as, being necessary attempts,
of spiritual evolution?

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And if there is a True God,
as being the deep Spirit of Nature,
of the whole Universe,
of its Legalities,
who has nothing to do,
with our Original Sins?

Barely, then the God truly exists,
when we ask ourselves,
about the Miracle of Existence,
when we know that the Absolute Truth can not be Single,
without the Knowledge,
but especially without Love.

Only this way,
God truly exists,
and not the Illusion God !

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7. The Eyes of Feeling

We personified us,
from the Great Universal Contemplation,
becoming Unique, each in part,
as are, for us,
and the Miracles of existence of Words,
which are thinking,
for the Equilibrium of the Universe,
of the Love,
the only face of the Absolute Truth,
which we are allowed to see it,
with the Eyes of Feeling,
of the Subconscious Stranger,
from the depths of our Being.

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8. Illusions of Hopes

Who is the bitter stone of Pain?
from which we have carved us,
the unleashed Dreams ,
through which we built this World,
of the unforgiving Time with the Eternities of Moments ?,
wasted on Nothing,
at the Last Supper,
of the Knowledge,
of some Holy Fathers ?,
who have so much mocked our confidence,
that they have created us so many Original Sins,
so that we can no longer carry them,
at the Windmills,
of the Salvation,
where the Savior, the miller
demands us a price so high,
for the Wind sifted from their own Days,
that we give up,
and we feed us only with the Illusions of Salvation,

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received from some merciful Storms,
which have promised us,
that they will destroy us,
the Society of Consumption of the false Religions,
somewhere sometime,
giving us the Illusions of Hopes,
which, they hold us in Life and today.

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9. Wrapped with the mantle of the Helplessness

Being lost,
among the Happenings Non-incidentally,
of the Destiny,
we build ourselves unceasingly,
the Tower of our own expulsion,
from the Infernal Paradise of Vanity,
which flourishes on the shoulders of the Consumption
Society,
the vain Dreams,
for to we be wrapped with the mantle of the Helplessness,
sold for nothing,
by the Holy Fathers,
which they became famous merchants,
in the Fair of Empty Words,
painted through the Icons of counterfeit Love,
of the Faith,
in the carved idols,
by the Sufferings,
of the Non-sense, existential,
for to be offered,
to the Money that make the law,
of the Illusion God,
using the Loneliness of Immortality,
of the Death.

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10. The Counterfeiting with Love

Crucified by the Illusion God,
we fight with Windmills,
of the Happenings Incidentally,
banishing the Non-incidentally from the Steps,
grinded, of the Thoughts,
which have wandered through the Darkness,
where the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
refused to enter with his Divine Light,
together with us,
because we chose to live us the Life,
among the Cemeteries of Words,
of the Counterfeiting with Love,
through the workshops of the Consumption Society
of a World,
who turned out to be of the Nobody.

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11. The Death Time

Late regrets,
have studded,
Spiders of the Walls,
which close us the Days,
behind the lead shadows,
of the Illusion God,
from which, we would like to can die,
for to wake us up,
in a World,
where to we can go on the streets of Happiness,
with the Stranger, Subconscious,
of the Absolute Truth,
displayed on all the faces of the Smiles,
blooming at the Words, of, Diamond,
of the Existence,
which, they can easily cut
the glass opaque of Time,
used by the Clepsydras of the Destinies,
which measures us,
the Death Time.

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12. The Curse

The Dogs of the Years,
they began to bite hostilely,
from the flesh of the Glances,
who have lost their vitality of to flee,
from the Loneliness of Immortality,
of the Illusion God,
who invented the Death,
without which,
we would not have, nor, an escape,
from the Destiny of Suffering,
of this World,
bloomed by the Curse,
by so many lost and confused Eyes,
whom they left her, being lost
in the Horizons of the Discouragement,
and of the Decomposition by Self,
and then when, being crucified,
on the indifferent Horizons,
have demanded the Water of Life,

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which to be poured to them,
in the shaking Hopes of the Days,
what,they still had them, to endure
have received each time,
mugs of desert
full with Original Sins,
on which they were obliged to drink them to the end,
on all.

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13. As convincingly

Empty words
on deserted scenes,
of the Consumption Society,
Illusion in God,
which, feeds every time,
whole legions of, Curses,
subjected to a single Will,
of the Suffering,
which to be provoked democratically,
to each Cemetery of Words,
whose deceased Feelings,
are obliged to speak,
as convincingly,
about Love and Happiness.

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14. In the dirty test tubes of Conscience

Rules made,
only for the modern slaves of Thoughts,
who work in the slaughterhouses of Creation,
in order to fulfill the birth norms,
of the Illusions of Existence,
equally counterfeited by paltry Interests,
in the dirty test tubes of Conscience,
like the Loves,
of Cemeteries of Words,
appeared from the frozen Glances,
of the Consumption Society,
thrills of the Horror,
of on the tables of the Foreheads,
full of sweat of the Freedom,
placed for the Last Supper,
of the Holy Fathers,
of the Illusion God,
on which he preaches it to us,
the Death.

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15. So much subjected to the Illusion God

Crucified steps,
on the bitter walls of Consciences,
so much subjected,
to the Illusion God,
that they took the pestilential and odious liquid,
of the Original Sins,
as being the Water of Life,
believing that once they drink it,
it will heal our future,
of the Consumption Society,
on the streets of which,
they stand thrown chaotically,
countless mugs of desert,
what have been emptied,
by whole Cemeteries of Words,
for to discover,
that the only rescue consists,
only in Death.

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16. Than through Death

Reproaches gloomy,
they bind us, the scarf of Illusion God,
at the necks of Dreams,
strangling them with the weight,
of the Original Sins,
which sinks their Steps,
so deep,
in the Dust,
full of Vanities of the Incarnation,
that they will no longer succeed,
never,
to come out to the surface,
of the living and immortal Love,
than through Death.

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**17. The Paradise and Inferno are just some
Conventions**

All Compromises,
on which the Illusion, God,
has inoculated them to us,
then when we were forced,
to build,
the Walls of the sumptuous Cathedrals of the Fear,
which will suffocate us,
the Stranger, Subconscious,
of the Absolute Truth,
they will be banished,
with the bitter stones,
of the our Predestination,
then when we will detour,
the Cemeteries of Words,
on which we display them to the Glances,
and we will understand that the Star of each,
can not remain in Loneliness,

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bypassed by the Love of Immortality,
when we will escape altogether,
from the current World of Vanity,
and, the Paradise and Inferno,
are just some Conventions,
of which it profits with shamelessness,
Illusion God.

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18. The Star of Immortality

Sacred Covenants,
trampled,
by the massive and indifferent Walls,
of the Illusion God,
they still stand, grinded,
among the relics of Histories,
about the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
found from a Happening, Non-incidentally,
in the Soul of the Glance of a Love,
which, she saw herself so Lonely,
among the grains of sand,
of the Shores, of, false Smiles,
to which they will never reach,
our Feelings, shipwrecked,
she preferred to escape,
in the Star of Immortality,
where we are waited,
forever by it.

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19. For to throw them on the falling vaults

Steps of Love,
milled by the longing,
of the footsteps that have no longer trampled,
through the Hearts of Heaven,
of the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
banished by the Illusion God,
because did not accept,
as the Eternities of Moments, wasted by the Time,
to take us, the Immortal Stars of Destinies,
for to throw them,
on the falling vaults,
of the Original Sins,
and from their stellar dust,
they will refresh the Creation of Suffering,
with the mire, of others and others,
Cemetery of Words.

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20. We will get rid of, the Illusion God

The kindled flames,
in the profoundness of Eternity of Moment,
from, the Flowers of Heaven, of the Dawn,
they burn us the Stigmata of Memories,
on the pyre of the Retrieval,
where the Divine Light of Immortality,
brought us the Enlightenment of Love,
who waited for us,
of before Time,
on the Star of our Predestination,
knowing that in a Day,
we will get rid of, the Illusion God,
escaping from the Society of Consumption camp,
among the sand grains, of the Clepsydra,
which counts us the Hope,
of to be together with the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth.

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21. At the gates of the Helplessness

Cry Mute,
lost in the hot Glance,
of the Endlessness,
listen to my Eternity of the Moment,
which is calling you,
towards the Star ignited by the Sacred Fire,
of the Love,
only for our Destiny,
separated forever,
by, the Illusion God,
who gave us, the Freedom,
of to express us,
only through the Cemeteries of Words,
which have frozen us, the Smiles,
what have believed in the Loneliness of Immortality,
of the Death,
on which they were expecting it with fear and frustration,
at the heavy and cold gates,
of the Helplessness.

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22. The Enemies from ourselves

Tears of Words,
wash the bitter Stone of the Freedom,
what rummages us, the Glances,
knotted in Hopes,
the bitter Stone,
from which the Predestination sculpts us,
the Monsters of Illusion of being a certain God,
of the Nobody,
dusty by the Loneliness of Immortality,
of the Death,
for to we find us again,
the Enemies from ourselves,
those who, we were not destined to be so,
among the Tombs of Dreams,
which, they blossom,
among the Walls raised between me and you,
at late hour, of the Illusions of this Existence,
when we can no longer leave us,
the Death.

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23. The Meanings of the depressed Glances

Roots scattered,
on the writhed Dust,
of the Incarnation of Dreams,
who do not give us peace,
since when they have been crucified,
on the face of Illusion of a God,
whose Creation has proven to be,
the Walls that separate us,
by the Endlessness of Divine Light,
of the Stranger, Subconscious
of the Absolute Truth,
the only one able,
to show us the Path toward Absolute,
of the Happenings Non-incidentally,
which know where are placed,
the Traps of the Illusions, of, God-type,
on which we have to go around them,
then when, these bind us,
the Meanings of the Glances, depressed,
of Death.

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24. Astrologers of the zodiac Signs, Misunderstood

We have gnawed our knees,
of Human Condition,
by the harsh rocks of Oppositions,
which have made us difficult the Way to the Absolute,
on which we were looking for it,
to the astrologers of the zodiac Signs Misunderstood,
by the Illusion God,
which would not want to we find out,
where are Predestinated to arrive,
for to be downloaded,
by the spices of the Happiness,
by the Time of Loneliness,
The Caravans of the Eternities of Moments,
as later,
to whom their purpose will be wasted,
for to be taken into slavery by the Death,
which thus strengthens its power,
upon us,
killing us and our last Hope,
to we find us again, the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth.

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25. Are our Souls

There is so much quiet,
in the serene of the Endlessness,
that, even and the Cry, Mute,
of the Great Silences,
on which we knead him, tired,
on the Loneliness of Immortality,
of the Death,
which clothed us,
with the strong and cold air of the Heights,
has deafened us the Future,
then when we look for each other,
with the broken wings,
by the Illusion God,
which does not let us to we fly,
farther from the Paradise of Inferno,
of the Consumption Society,
lit Candles,
which, when they are looking,
in the broken Mirror of Creation,
are our Souls.

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26. It Dies Hard

Crucified on the Grave of the Word of Creation,
of the Happenings Non-incidentally,
of the Loneliness of Immortality,
of the Death
who dies so hard,
even in our Hopes,
whose Hearts of Heaven,
can not synchronize to beat in the same pace,
of the Happiness,
because they are not left,
by the Illusion God,
for which there must be no,
Love of the Absolute Truth,
on which he wears it with us,
the Stranger, Subconscious
than counterfeit Love,
of the Holy Fathers,
of the Vanities, Revenges and Cynicism,
hidden through the Icons,

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who do Wonders from, Deception,
for a few silver coins of the Suffering,
gathered to the box of the mercy,
by those who do not want to know,
that, it Dies Hard,
in the World of Creation of this God.

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27. Lost in the Horizon of Nobody

The red lanterns were extinguished,
at the Brothels of Words,
that nor these, can no longer be easily noticed,
on the empty stalls,
of the Illusion, God,
who spoiled us,
with Scriptures full of fierce battles,
crimes and other delicacies,
worthy to follow,
because they were initiated,
only by the Holy Fathers,
which have put us various hindrances,
shouting giddy
from the Icons, Makers of Wonders,
of the Eyes lost in the Horizon of Nobody,
who no longer stay at the table,
to talk with us,
of long ago than the Weather,
although we touch our hands,
calloused by the Curse,
of the Original Sins.

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28. So that we can hope

I find myself,
in the Divine Light of your Heart of Heaven,
crucified on the altar of Illusion God,
where it prays hotly,
the Helplessness,
of to be ourselves,
we, the ones before Time,
bathed in the rays appeared from the Eternity of the
Moment,
which has spoiled us the Star of Destiny,
with new territories of Dreams,
who did not have the notion of Hope,
because they were fulfilled to us every time,
as we did not need Immortality,
because we were Immortals,
reason why,
we have built us the Loneliness of Immortality,
of the Death,
so that we can hope,
that we will once be Immortals,
becoming the our own destructive God.

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29. Passion of Love

Bodily unrests,
penetrate the flesh of the Nails of Words,
forcing her to grind us,
the Eternities of Moments wasted in vain,
in Sensations,
which have embodied, the Illusion God,
in the hot blood,
on which was flowing us,
towards the endless Sunrises,
of the Being,
the Passion of Love,
what she did not realize,
that every, Day,
has handcuffed it, and more,
in Death,
once with its own,
carnal Pleasures.

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30. A Personification of the Incidentally, Absolute

Then when the Being awakened from Non-Being ,
Death was born,
in the groans of the Suffering,
of Illusion God,
which have Shouted us Mute, the Great Silences,
what, they have not forsaken us the Star of Destiny,
troubled by the Loneliness of Immortality,
on which we no longer bear it,
because the Desire has sprouted us,
in the Eternity of the Moment of our Dream,
of to be a Personification,
of the Incidentally,
although at the time,
we were, the Non-incidentally, Absolute,
and so Death was born.

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31. They have Begun, for to End

The depressed branches
by the blizzards of the Generations of Words,
sprung from the Sap of the Immortality
which has dried,
of the Universal Pure Language,
upset by the oppressive Darkness,
of the Spaces and Times,
which have Begun through Loneliness,
for to End in the same Loneliness,
in the Death,
on which we hold her by hand,
then when we walk us,
on the paved alleys with the bitter Stone,
of our Souls.

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32. With every Remembrance of the Future

What could,
the Sunrises, to tell us more, ?,
than that they were lost in the Eyes of the Hearts of
Heaven,
of the Endlessness,
on which we had met her,
at the birth of the Universe,
where we were present,
becoming the Primordial Event,
of a World,
where the Illusion God did not exist,
until we were sprouted by, the Happening,
of to know that exists,
the Immortality, with her Loneliness,
and then our Death was born,
which compelled us to lose us,
among the Vanities of the Empty Words,
which have separated us from ourselves,
with every Remembrance of the Future,
on which we had lived him,
on the Eternal Star of Destiny,
and we regret him now.

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33. The gates of the Memories from Future

Wings confident in the Endlessness of the Glances,
they break on the tablecloths,
on which we keep us the fingers of the Tears,
tightened in the fists of some Hopes,
what they besought, the Illusion God,
to they let us the gates,
of the Memories from Future,
wide open,
to enter, the Divine Light,
of the Stranger, Subconscious
of the Absolute Truth,
on the realms without frontiers,
of the Eternity of the Words,
on which we uttered them,
with the trembling Voice,
of an Eternal Love,
what could not be accepted,
never by the Death,
through which it identifies,
this World.

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34. At the hunting of Eternities

Desires torn,
by the big and black ravens,
of the Freedom, handcuffed,
from the souls of some Words,
what they hovered,
over the Walls between us,
raised,
with the Bitter Stone of the Tears,
of a Love,
wandering,
on which, the Time has killed her us,
at the hunting,
of the Eternities of rebellious Moments,
of a Reality,
what we would never have wanted her,
at the table of our Destiny.

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35. Addicted by the Illusion God

The forbidden Dawn of Conscience,
they swim barefoot,
under the carapace of Destiny,
abandoned by his own Fate,
who remained without support,
on the realm of a falling Star,
about which no one knew,
that it would be ours,
then when we have reminded us,
for the first time,
that we say us just scrap,
from the Tombs of Words,
in which we were buried,
alongside the Loneliness of Immortality,
of the Death,
because we had become addicted,
by the Illusion God.

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36. The End of a new Beginning

Salvation lonely and miserable,
it lives its Days full of Illusion God,
on the bent shoulders,
of the Moments wasted in vain,
by the Time of a Creator, wretch,
cynical and vindictive,
who threw us disgusted,
on the decomposed stairs,
of the Hierarchies of the Consumption Society,
who consumes us every Desire,
until it remains,
only the decomposed skeleton of the Dawn,
which, they foretell for themselves, the End,
of a new Beginning,
of the Death.

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37. Carolers of the Wanderings

The Destiny, keeps the Windows closed,
for to not hear,
the Mute Cries of the Great Silences,
provoked by Carolers of the Wanderings,
to some Eternities of Moments,
killed by the Time, mentally ill,
manic-depressive,
who also, sings,
on the chords of the Illusion, God,
the sermons of the crucified Words,
on the long and cold corridors of the Death,
by ourselves,
which, we follow them silently,
believing that at their end,
the Paradise door will open for us,
and then when it Happens to us, Un-incidentally,
this thing,
we realize that we have re-entered into the same Inferno,
on which we have forsaken it,
because every Beginning Ends,
with another,
in this Existence,
of the Suffering.

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38. We will never have it near us

Has someone counted, the Waves of Words ?,
which want to break,
the chains of the Memories from Future,
breaking them the Destinies of Clepsydras,
through which they drain for us,
the sand beans of the Souls,
decomposed into shards of Dreams,
which, no matter how many would be,
they can not cut the steps from the Bitter Stone,
of the Illusion, God,
from which we are obligated,
to we sculpt the image of Happiness,
on which we will never have it,
near us.

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39. For to be known exceeded

We hurry every time toward Nowhere,
forgetting to we take us,
almost everything what is necessary for us,
apart from the Death,
and the Illusion, God,
on which we carry them,
in the blood of Memories from Future,
whose Dreams,
have been falsified for us
and the Loves were counterfeit,
by a vengeful God,
who created us,
more Original Sins,
from what he did,
on this World,
of the Decomposition and Suffering,
for to be known himself exceeded.

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40. For the Salvation of Death

It's so cold,
in the cells of Awareness of a Love,
built in the Bitter Stone of the Souls,
from our Words,
that we are being forced by the Illusion, God,
to descend us the Glances,
under the tables of the Last Supper,
of the Wretchedness,
where they were put for us,
the dishes of the Original Sins,
on which we had to eat them,
compulsory,
for the Salvation of Death,
what was injected in us,
with the syringe of the Meanness ,
by a Creator of Evil,
created,
from the Human Condition,
of the Consumption Society.

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41. The Greatness of the Universe of Love

Looking at you,
I reminded myself, from Future,
when we were not yet,
kidnapped by the Illusion God,
and we braided the long plaits,
of the Rays of Happiness,
knotted by our Destiny,
through which the Divine Light,
which dwells, and today,
in the consciousness of the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
makes us believe,
that in one day we will escape,
from this Trap of Time,
becoming the same Star,
which we were,
what can never falls,
from the vault of Dreams,
because it is hidden,
somewhere,
through the Greatness of the Universe of Love,
dug deep into our Glances,
by Infinite.

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42. To feed them, the Vanities

The massive gates,
of the Days,
they open to the Illusion God,
because these, too,
were born from nets of the Death
without which,
the Existence,
it would not crucify them anymore,
the Eternities of Moments,
which to feed them, the Vanities,
of to be,
the favorites of Time,
of a Debauchery,
of the Brothels of some Faiths,
located on the crowded streets,
with Love killed,
and other Infamies,
of the Icons, creators of Miracles,
of the Sufferings,
which express themselves for us,
only through the Cemeteries of Words.

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43. Great Master in Illusions

Without Fears and Threats,
the Illusion God would be barren,
without having, on who to longer take revenge,
the Time that makes the dirty Games,
of the Creator of the Meanness,
through the Original Sins,
on which we must atone them,
in the name of a Faith,
just of the Interest of a Hierarchy,
which prosper,
both in the Consumption Societies of the Heaven,
where the Saints lead the choruses of Angels,
who praise the Mistakes of the Creation, of a God,
sick of fame,
as well as in the Consumption Societies, of the Earth,
where the slaves of the lost Glances,
live with the Fear of Death,
received in gift,
from the same paltry God,
Great Master in Illusions.

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44. At the helm of which, it is and now

How much Primordial Event,
may be in the soul of the Word,
uttered by the mute Cry of the Great Silences,
that this one is heard
and through the mire of Death,
which she gave us,
the Illusion God,
from mercy and compassion,
for, its own Creation,
at the helm of which it is and now,
the Despair?

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45. Of which, and we, are part of

Does not exists, a stronger cry,
than, the funeral Silence of a Glance,
which decomposes the Walls of the Conscience,
in the four horizons of the Coffins of Dreams,
which are buried for us,
at the feet of Illusion God,
while we deceive ourselves,
with the possibility of existence of a Paradise,
whose Inferno,
to no longer resembles so much,
with the image and likeness of Creation,
of which, and we, are part of.

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46. In the Dead nature of the Wilderness

We will never know,
how many Eternities of Moment,
were lost,
on the road of the Crucifixion of our Human Condition,
by the Savior of Illusion God,
who requests us every time,
new Compromises,
in the Box of his Mercy,
to be able to buy with them,
countless Prides and Vanities,
through which, he shall take revenge,
towards us,
precisely to show us,
which is the circuit,
of the Dried Water of Life,
in the Dead nature,
of the Wilderness,
of Words.

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47. Carved after the hideous Faces

Selected by the long arms,
of the Illusion God,
eternal, seeker of Stars,
on cloudy Sky of the vain Hopes,
we were incarnate in the Dust of Words,
created to snatch us the identity of Eternity,
receiving the Death in return,
which to wrap us up, with the Mantle of Dreams,
what, Ends for to Begin again,
in the same Existence of Vanity,
from which we are forced to extract,
the Sap insipid and disgusting,
of the Faith,
carved from the Bitter Stone of Life,
after the hideous Faces,
of the God of the Nobody,
who have become Idols for us,
through the painted Icons,
with the Beggar Hand of the Suffering.

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**48. Through the Memories of the Past of the own
Future**

The covenants, deaf,
with the Hearts of Heaven,
of the Stranger, Subconscious
of the Absolute Truth,
they start shouting with all their strength,
the Great Silences of the Glances,
although they were put to dry,
by the Illusion God,
after they have been washed,
in the vortices of Death,
until,
have completely lost their identity,
which they had it,
through the Memories of the Past,
of the own Future,
without being able to understand now,
why do they feel, so strongly,
a Loneliness,
coming, before Time?

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49. They stay confused through the Icons in tears

True Reproductions,
of the lost Eyes,
in the deserted Horizons,
of the Illusion God,
they stay confused
through, the Icons in tears,
by the Eternities, of Moments,
lost on nothing,
through the Dreams of exaltation,
of a God,
who he wanted his Death,
above any Immortality,
which he threw,
in the pit with lions,
of the Loneliness.

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50. Loneliness of the Earth

Slices of Smiles challenging,
threatens us through the Icons of Words,
the Illusion God,
that we have the Free Will,
of to choose us the type of Paradise,
whose Inferno,
may be after the Face and the likeness,
of the Death,
on which we want it obligatory,
inoculated,
in the desolate Souls,
which seem to be forgotten altogether,
by the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
of the Love,
once with the birth,
of the Loneliness of Earth,
from the facial expressions,
of the Thoughts,
cold and indifferent,
in which they were incarnate us,
the Vanities.

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51. Walls from Despairs

Broken realities,
they stay under the wheels of Illusion God,
for to be processed,
in Walls from Despairs,
which to defend us from the Freedom,
of the Stranger, Subconscious
of the Absolute Truth,
of the Love,
what it can not be served to us,
under no form,
because, otherwise it would mean,
to we ruin the natural order,
of the Death,
who leads us,
defiant,
knowing that we belong to her,
entirely.

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52. Decomposed in Sighs

Anxieties, defiant,
of the Illusion God,
they wither us the Wrinkles of Memories from the Future,
from before the Time,
through which we have Passed,
together with the Eternity of the Moment,
killed by the Time,
of the Walls from the Glances,
bent toward, the floorings of the Days,
polished by the cold and confused Wilderness,
of the Loneliness of the Dawn,
which, they came more decomposed
in Sighs,
as ever.

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53. The spiritual parents of the Eternities

We run toward the coldness of Death,
from the bosom of Illusion God,
on which we bless her,
every time,
when we realize,
how much longer do we have to endure,
on the World of vain Regrets,
paved with the bitter Stone of the Regrets,
what they confess us at each Breath,
of the crucified Days,
in the Palms,
given to some Orphanages of Words,
which are still looking for and now,
the spiritual parents,
of the Eternities,
on the boundless Realms,
of the Cries, Deaf,
from the Hearts of Heaven,
of the Great Silences.

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54. The striped Cats

The striped Cats by Regrets,
they dig the Dust of the Incarnations,
in the Illusion God,
sharpening the claws of the Words,
by the gnarly tree of the Knowledge,
grown on the Earth,
of the bodies of Thoughts,
contorted and exhausted,
on the Roads without return,
of the Vanities,
expected with maximum interest,
by the Death,
which and prepares the cages,
of the Illusions of Creation,
for new Births,
which, they will come,
from the Memories of the Future,
of an Eternity of Moment.

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55. Faces wrinkled by Amazement

The traces alone and abandoned,
by the Memories of the Future,
through which we Look at,
the indifferent Wrinkles of the Foreheads,
which, they no longer want to leave us,
the blood of the Sunsets and the Sunrises,
to drain more through them,
because they are taxed,
every time,
in so way,
by the Illusion God,
that they are forced,
to worship to the Death,
which, most often,
not even, it is not, on the spot,
being present only through the deleted Icons,
of the cold and indifferent Words,
which have cleaned their ice,
off the Faces wrinkled by Amazement.

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56. Addicted by the Gambling of the Death

Humiliated reasons,
by the Wheel of Destiny,
whirled by the Illusion God,
until they get dizzy,
the Walls that separate us from ourselves,
so much so that,
gets to leave us,
even and the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
of the Love,
who came from the Memories of our Future,
who just found out now,
that we have become so addicted,
by, the Gambling,
of the Death,
that the entire Universe of the Profoundness,
has become for us, a wreck,
of a lost World.

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57. Employed by the Fate of a Delusion

The Regrets,
of the Dreams of the vain Creation,
from the Words of Births,
which have lost,
even and, the Loves, counterfeit,
they sometimes hit us, the Illusion God,
with such power that,
they decide her to rebuild its churches,
after the face and likeness of the Vanity,
of the Icons of false Happiness,
which obliges Death,
to takes its new safety measures,
regarding the hunt of the Lives,
which are dedicated to her,
by the Creator sick of Pride,
what, awaits the praises,
of our crucified Glances,
on the deserted tables of the Days,
to which only the Empty Words serve,
employed by the Fate,
of a Delusion.

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58. Hearts forsaken by Serene

We were born,
Pages written by the Memories of the Future,
whose Past we relive it,
distorted,
by the Illusion God,
which does not give us the necessary peace to Love,
of the Stranger, Subconscious
of the Absolute Truth,
for as Death,
to be able to breathe freely,
the strong air of the heights,
of its own Vanity,
which painted us,
Icons of false Hopes,
on the Sky always cloudy,
of our Hearts,
forsaken by the Serene.

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59. Icons of Consciences

How much reincarnation of Illusion God,
we are forced to live it,
on the decomposed roots,
of the vain Hopes,
which have become to us,
Examples of Behavior,
from which he draws his bitter venom,
the Soul,
who lost his essence,
of his own Divine Light,
whose Memory from Future,
has become for us a reason for revenge,
on everything that might mean,
authentic Love,
which has not been forged,
by the painters of Despair,
through the Icons of our Consciences,
about which we think helps us,
giving us a Sense, to the Existence.

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60. Could not have us anymore, by Loving

Being hit by the wings of the wind,
of the Illusion God,
we try to find for us a church,
of the Divine Light,
coming from the Future of Remembrance,
of the Stranger, Subconscious
of the Absolute Truth,
to whom they pray to us,
the Glances depressed,
by the religious show, lugubrious,
to which they are obliged to assist,
since when Love,
has become forbidden for us,
being decomposed,
in all aspects and spectra,
which, they can not please her,
the Death,
for which we were born,
and who could not have us anymore,
never,
by Loving.

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61. After the taste and likeness of Death

The Great Universal Contemplation,
recognized the Conscience,
as being a Rebellion of the Self,
of a God,
dissatisfied by the Universe in which exists,
and to whom,
had to be invented the Death,
as a saving of the Creation,
by, his own Mistake,
on which, the Love has taken,
as an attack,
to her own identity,
reason why it had to be counterfeit,
after, the taste and likeness of Death.

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62. The Incarnation of Destiny

The Primordial Event,
is the one who gave birth,
for the first time, at the Death,
as a prelude,
at all the horrors,
what would follow the Life,
which, she needed,
to exists,
the Illusion God,
how this one,
has considered it, vital,
for all its Actions and Inactions,
who have known or not,
the Incarnation,
of the Destiny in the Dust of Knowledge.

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63. The Pure Universal Language

We are the Personifications of the Person,
emerged from the Great Universal Contemplation,
before the Primordial Event,
which, he has thinking the Pure Universal Language,
where one of the Words,
is the Creator God,
of his own Illusion,
through which we are obligated,
to we identify us,
His Original Sins,
as being ours,
to be able to live,
the awareness of Death.

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64. Immortality and Death

The Great Universal Contemplation,
identifies the Immortality,
as being the Life,
lacked of its vital element,
which is Death,
to which she must be reported,
for to identify herself,
with the diversity, of, Words,
Senses and Meanings,
which they may be true or false,
live or death,
without which,
the Immortality would remain without essence,
and all her Words,
they would crumble, definitively,
in Decomposition.

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65. The Existence of Knowledge

How much restlessness, must have existed,
in the quiet without of Time,
of this God,
that he was compelled,
of, Loneliness,
he to perfects his,
the art of to Lying,
enough much and precisely,
for to give birth,
to the Absolute Truth,
of the Love,
on which he was forced to deny him,
Just to create the Existence,
of the Knowledge?

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66. The Unique, Present

Every Conscience,
is a necessary abuse,
to the Great Universal Contemplation,
without which,
the Pure Universal Language,
would not have succeeded,
to he reports its Words,
what they became for Knowledge,
the Great Creators and Unique Incidentally,
which are reflected,
in every Eternity of Moment,
of the Unique Present,
in the Mirror of Illusions of this World,
which we are aware of.

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**67. On the wings of the Great Universal
Contemplation**

The whole Consciousness,
is the Mirror of Memories from the Future,
in the Past,
which it will continue to exist,
on the wings of the Great Universal Contemplation,
for which, the Knowledge,
is the Illusion of a part,
of mirroring of the faces of its Words,
in the Mirror of Absolute Truth,
distorted by its infinite Opposites,
let to see themselves,
only in certain ways,
by the God,
or the our Creator Factor.

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68. Logical Arguments

It not exist, the Unique Truth,
in the relative Knowledge,
of the Existence,
for which the Illusion,
is the structured domain,
on an infinity of levels,
from where any Word,
of the Universal Pure Language,
it can look at us,
depending on the height at which it is located,
on the steps of the Hierarchies,
accepted by our Creator Factor,
which, and he is a Word,
at his turn,
accepted by the Great Universal Contemplation,
among others,
such as Space or Time,
Truth or Lying,
which in our awareness,
is reflected as being dimensions,
or Logical arguments.

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69. From the Thought of the Uselessness

We run, trying,
to compete with stars,
whose speeds,
they only stand in the Awareness,
of the Illusions of our Life and Death,
which we mix,
in the mixers of the Legalities,
about which,
we never knew anything more,
than vain Dreams,
full of the rich imagination,
sprung from the Thought of Uselessness.

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70. In the fists of the Hopes

All the symbols and meanings,
on which we rely, the Awareness,
are counterfeited by the Illusions of the Existence,
on which it directs them,
Our Creator Factor,
including the Mistake,
on which we believe he would have committed it,
through our Creation,
or, of the World of the lost Eyes,
in Horizons,
on which they will not be able to catch them,
in the fists of the Hopes,
never.

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71. From Eternal Life

We personified us,
the Creator Factor and Unique Incidentally,
naming him, the God,
and giving him not only all Power,
on which we could imagine it,
as well as all our Evils and Good,
on which he has collected them,
off the plantations of the Awarenesses ,
of the Illusions he has left us,
we to administer them,
once with the Death received in gift,
from His Eternal Life,
which begins and ends,
for to restart the cycle,
Infinite,
of the Eternity,
Predestined,
by the Great Universal Contemplation.

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72. As part from Him

We inherit the Genes of God,
in the natural selection of Paradise,
so thirsty for, his own Inferno,
for to be able to report itself at the Eternity,
which is beyond the Death,
which repeats us,
every time,
how longer does it have, of to die,
in order to no longer die,
never,
in the exhausted arms,
of the Illusions, God,
which is so far away,
by, the Absolute Truth,
of the Creation,
from which is built for us,
Our Self,
as part from Him.

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73. Every one carries his Star of his Word

The entire Spectrum of colors,
of Illusions of Existence,
it would not be worth anything,
being Nothingness,
if the Creator Factor and Unique Incidentally,
it would not be halved him,
with the Breathing of his Awareness,
coming precisely from the Primordial Event,
located beyond Existence,
giving it a delimitation as a form and system,
which to exist under the stars of the other Gods,
where every one carries his Star of his Word,
what belongs to the Universal Pure Language.

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74. Look, Immortality

No matter how much we are wandering,
on this World,
we will never be forsaken,
by the Happening Un-incidentally,
of the Great Creator,
because all things that are and will no longer be,
have occurred above All in His Soul,
who knows that we never lose us,
because we will reach, each in the destined place,
of the Illusion of Death,
to start again, a new cycle,
climbed on the wheels of the Eternities,
which always rotate,
without stopping ever
in the station of a Knowledge,
of the Illusions of Existence.

Look, Immortality,
on which they want or detest her,
the Dreams.

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75. Like them

We will never succeed to become Aware of,
the supports of the Illusions,
seen from the inside of these,
as is the Death or Life,
than, anticipating what namely might be,
if it had withdrawn us, the veil of Illusions,
of the Great Creator and Unique Incidentally,
which embraces us,
all our fears and obsessions,
as being His,
then when they would no longer reflect Time,
forcing him to return Totally,
on the Realm of its Creation,
where is a God,
alongside an Infinity, of, Creator Factors,
of an Infinity of Words,
being just a Word,
of the Universal Pure Language,
just like Space,
and Everything that surrounds us,
Everything we are,
are like them,
including, our God.

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76. Compared to her Immortality

How far we are,
by ourselves,
dressed in the Illusions of Existence,
that we look upon Death with fear,
without we realizing,
that it is part of the Absolute Truth,
of the Stranger, Subconscious
of the Love,
that we were born from its arms,
Immortals,
shouting for the first time his name,
once with, the first whimper,
when it was known that we would return,
in the palaces of her Memories from the Future,
in which it expects us, silent, and resignedly,
that she lost us,
for a single Moment,
which is Life,
compared to her Immortality,
reported at Death,
to whom it always dies,
The Death,
for to reunite the cycle,
of the Existence.

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77. Life and Death can not be Single

Only Awareness of Life,
can be Single,
and never, of the Death,
whose Immortality,
consists precisely in its own essence,
of to die,
but not of to kill,
because only the Life,
can kill,
to become a criminal,
not and Death.

And then when we look at,
the Loneliness of Immortality,
of the Death,
it means that still the Loneliness,
did not die,
so, it is alive,
lives, ransacking the Life,
like a dagger,
in the soul of Death.

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The Death can never be,
Lonely,
than accompanied by the Life,
on which it relies,
that he may not die,
how neither the Life,
can not be Single,
without the Death on which she relies,
so that to can live.

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